

The Democratic Press.

J. D. MOUDY, Proprietor.

VOL. I.

THE PRESS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
EATON, O.

Terms of Subscription.
One copy one year, (in advance) \$1.50

Rates of Advertising.

One square (10 lines) three weeks.....\$1.00
One square one month.....1.25
One square three months.....1.50
One square six months.....2.00
One square one year.....2.50
A column one month.....3.00
A column three months.....3.50
A column six months.....4.00
A column one year.....4.50
A column one month.....3.00
A column three months.....3.50
A column six months.....4.00
A column one year.....4.50
A column one month.....3.00
A column three months.....3.50
A column six months.....4.00
A column one year.....4.50

No credit on advertising, except to yearly customers, who are expected to pay quarterly.

The privilege of Yearly Advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate business, and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a special number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted accordingly.

No advertisement will be inserted gratuitously, except brief announcements of deaths, marriages and religious appointments.

No advertisement will be considered by the press unless specified by contract between the parties.

Obituary notices will be discontinued without previous notice to us, nor will any charges be made for less than one year's subscription.

All advertisements of public meetings, speaking, fairs, fraternalities, &c., and all notices of private enterprises, or to promote private interests, must be paid for. Where the object is manifestly for the public good, or for benevolent purposes, the publisher will deduct half of the advertising rate.

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"Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country."

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1860.

\$1.50 Per Annum.--In Advance.

NO. 17.

J. H. FOOS & CAMPBELL,
[SUCCESSORS TO GILMORE & CAMPBELL.]
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.
Office on Baron Street, west side, six
doors north of Main street.
August 23, 1860. if

ROBERT MILLER,
Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Agent Ohio Insurance Company,
EATON, OHIO.

OFFICE in the 2d story of Josiah Camp-
bell's new brick building, north side of
Main street, opposite the court house.
August 23, 1860. if

S. BANTA,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office West of C. Vanaunder & Co.,
EATON, OHIO.
August 23, 1860. if

N. DUNN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE opposite the court house, 2 doors
above the Post Office, Articles of Agreement,
Deeds, Mortgages, and Acknowledgments taken.
By prompt attention to business he hopes to
merit a liberal share of public patronage.
August 23, 1860. if

STEPHENS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS.

Trimnings, Hosiery, Quincrosses,
Milliner Goods, Notions, Embroideries, &c.
Main st., opposite the court house Eaton, O.
We offer great bargains to cash customers.
[August 23, 1860. if]

Eagle Hotel.
WINTERS & SHAFNER,
PROPRIETORS.

Baron st., between Main & Somers,
EATON, OHIO.
Good Stabling for one hundred and fifty
horses. August 23, 1860. not-if

American House.

J. C. BOWEN, Proprietor.
Main St., opposite Old Fellows Building,
EATON, OHIO.

THE Proprietor having recently purchased
the American, and refitted and re-
furnished it in good style, is now prepared to
accommodate guests in the most satisfactory
manner.

Good Stabling for 100 Horses.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Meredith House,
Corner Main and Fifth streets.
RICHMOND, IND.

WINCHESTER & COWLES,
Proprietors.

HAMILTON HOUSE.
North-west corner of second and high sts.
Hamilton Ohio.

THIS House has been re-opened since the
first of July 1860, and thoroughly re-
novated and re-furnished. Patronage is re-
spectfully solicited. TUESDAY, RICHMOND,
August 23, 1860. if Proprietor.

WILLIAM ENGLE,
Fashionable Tailor.

HAS re-opened a shop on Baron Street,
over W. C. Campbell's Book Store,
where he is prepared to make anything in his
line, in the latest and most approved style.
Thankful for past favors, he respectfully
solicits of his old friends and patrons a con-
tinuance of their custom. Repairing and
cutting done on short notice.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

PERRET & MONESMITH,
Livery Stable.

EATON, OHIO.

WE are at all times prepared to accom-
modate the public with Horses, Car-
riages, &c., on the usual terms.
We have a new and extensive stock of Bug-
gies, and Carriages with the largest and best
lot of Livery Horses ever kept in Eaton.
Give us a call and learn our ability to furnish
accommodations. (Sept. 20, 60. ly

Furniture and Chair Factory.
RICHMOND & HARSHMAN,
Keep always on hand a large stock of

New Furniture.

Which they will sell at the lowest rates.

Wooden and Metallic Coffins always
on hand.

Undertaking promptly attended to.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

EATON BOOT AND SHOE

STORE.

CHARLES BECKER,

MAKES this method of informing the public
that they are still carrying on the above
business, on Baron street, three doors North
of the post office, where they would be happy
to meet their old friends, customers and en-
quire about the state of the business. All work
well done for Cash, or on good men on Time.
All prices moderate. Give us a call and we will
convince you that you can make money by buy-
ing at our shop.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Selected Poetry.

DECEMBER.

BY J. B. ORMON.

Golden-haired Autumn
Has fled at thy coming,
Skies blush with kisses
The sun gives no more;
The song of the robin,
The wood-pecker's dreaming;
Come faintly and low
From the warm southern zone.

The flight of the sea-bird,
The gull and the swallow;
The voice of the lark,
The cry of the mew,
Are echoing harshly,
So dreary and hollow,
From vale and the woodland,
And sea-meadow too.

The dark ocean rocks
With its limitless roar,
The spray flings aloof
The spray flings aloof
The spray flings aloof
The spray flings aloof
The spray flings aloof
The spray flings aloof

The light of the eagle
Is low, and his young
Are seized by the wolf
In his ravenous prowl.
The voice of the day is still,
Hushed is their song:
And the voice of the night
Is the scream of the owl.

Blinkered Autumn
Has fled at thy coming,
Skies blush with kisses
The sun gives no more.
Dark and desponding
The dark days are coming:
The days of the dying,
To tomb of the year.

My Early Love

It was an ardent, boyish love,
That faded out, as life grew older;
My heart bowed to her, like a dove;
And lighted on her beautiful shoulder.

Or sipped the honey from her lips,
Or in her eyes found heavenly graces—
I loved her to the finger tips—
I loved her very foot print traces.

Her features wore a rapturous charm;
Her smile made all within me flutter;
In rounded beauty was her arm;
Her little hand was fat as butter.

No wonder that I loved her so!
But she was false as she was pretty;
And soon she sacked her little bean,
And took a great one from the city.

I caught him out one gloomy night—
'Twas one of love's extreme phases;
I aggravated him to fight—
But oh, he lapped me like a blaze!

Henry Ward Beecher, the
Republican pulpit preacher, is
slightly down on the rich man—
Hear what he says in a recent sermon
respecting that respectable
class of people: As men grow rich
they grow mean. Why, I know
men—pious men—who actually
perjure themselves about their
property, that they may save what
is justly due the city for taxes—
They are as mean—as well—mean—
ness has tunneled them from end
to end, and the biggest one lies
through the heart, and the devil
runs his trains through and through
daily. If any one else but Beecher
had said this he would have been
called a wicked fellow, but Beecher
can say what he chooses, and it is
all right.

Jones was riding up in West-
chester county, in September last,
and saw a board nailed up on a tree
in the yard of a farm house with
the sign painted on it. "This farm
for sale." Always for a little pleas-
antry, and seeing a woman in check-
ed sun-bonnet picking up an apron-
ful of chips at the wood-pile in the
front of the house, he stopped and
asked her very politely when the
farm was to sell. She went on
with her work, but replied to his
question instantly. Just as soon
as the man comes along who can
raise the wind.

An old bachelor geologist
was boasting that every rock was
as familiar to him as the alphabet.
A lady who was present declared
that she knew a rock of which he
was wholly ignorant. "You don't
say—just name it madam," cried
Celebs, quite self-possessed. "It
is rock the cradle, sir," replied the
lady.

An Albany barber having a
very intemperate man to shave on
Sunday, begged him to keep his
mouth shut, as it was a punishable
offense to open a rum hole on the
Sabbath.

A Yankee Courtship.

Well, you see, arter the "poker"
scrape me and Sal got along mid-
dle well for some time, till I made
made up my mind to fetch things
to a head, for I loved her harder
and harder every day, and I had an
idea that she had a sorter sneaking
kindness for me; but how to dew
the thing up right pestered me or-
ful. I got some love books and red
how fellers got down on their mar-
row bones and talked like parrots,
and the gals they would go into a
sort of trance, and then how they
would gently fall into the feller's
arms, but some how that way did
not suit my notion. I asked marm
how dad courted her, but she said
it had been so long that she'd for-
got all about it. (Uncle Joe allers
says marm done all the courtin'.)
At last I made up my mind to go it
blind, for this thing was fairly con-
suming my innards. So I goes o-
ver to her daddy's and when I got
there I sot like a fool, thinking
how I should begin. Sal she sed
sumthin' was a troublin' me, and
sez she—'Ain't you sick, Peter?'
'Yes—no,' sez I; 'that is, I ain't
exactly well. I thought I'd come
over to night, sez I. That's night-
putty beginnin', anyhow, thinks I;
so I tried again. 'Sal, sez I,
and I about this time I felt nitty faint
and oneasy.

'What!' sez Sal.
'Sal, I agin.
'What?' says she.
'I'll get to it arter a while at this
lick,' thinks I.

'Peter,' sez she, there's sumthin'
a troublin' you powerful, I no. Its
mity wrong for you tew keep it
from a body, for a inner sorer is a
consumin' fire.' She said this she
did, the dear sly creeper. She noed
what was the matter all the time,
mity well, and was just a tryin'
to fish it out, but I was gone so far I
didn't see the pint. At last I kinder
gulped down the lump as was
risin' in my throat, and sez I—'Sal,
does you love everybody?'

'Well,' sez she, 'thar's dad and
marm and, countin' her fingers all
the time with eyes sorter shut, like
a feller shootin' off a gun, and
thar's old Pied, (that were an old
keow of hern,) I can't think of any-
body else just now,' sez she. Now
this warf ul for a feller ded in
love, so arter a while I tries another
shute. Sez I—'Sal, I'm powerful
loosum to hum, and I sometimes
think if I only had a putty wife to
lay and talk to, and nurve and hev
my mein with, I should be a tre-
mendous feller.' With that she
began and named over all the gals
within five miles of thar, and never
wunst cum a nigh namin of her-
self, and sed I orter get one of them.
That sorter got my dander up and
so I hit her my cheer closer to
hern, and shet my eyes, and trem-
blyly said:

'Sal you are the very gal I've
been hankerin arter for a long
time. I luv you all over, from the
sole of your head to the foot of your
crown, an I don't care who knows it;
and if you say so, we'll be jined
together in the holy bonds of matri-
mony, a plumbum unum, world with
out end, sez I; and I felt like I'd
thrown up an allygator, I felt so re-
lieved. With that she fotched a
sorter scream; and arter a while she
sez, sez she, 'Peter?'

'What is't Sally?' sez I.
'Yes!' sez she, a hidin ov her putty
face behind her hands. You
may depend upon it I felt orful
good.

'Glory! glory!' sez I, 'I must hol-
ler, Sal, or I'll burst wide open—
Hooray for hooray. I ein jumd o-
ver a ten rale fence, I can do any-
thing that any feller could, would
or orter do.' With that I sorter
sloshed myself down by her, and
climbed the bargain with a kiss—
and such a kiss—talk about your
sugar—talk about your merrasses—
—talk about yer blackberry jam—
you couldn't hev got me to come
nigh 'em; they would all a tasted
sour arter that. Ef Sal's daddy
hadn't holloed out its time for all
'onest folks to be in bed, I do be-
lieve I'd staid there all nite. Yer
orter seed me when I got him. I
pulled dad outter bed and huggid
him. I pulled marm outter bed and
huggid her. I pulled arter Jane
outter bed and huggid her, I pulled
the nigger servant out of bed and
huggid her. I roared, I holloed,
I danced about and cut up more
capers than you over heard tell on,
till dad thout I was crazy, and got
a rope to tie me with.

'Dad,' sez I, 'I'm gwine for to go
for to get married.'

'Married?' bawled dad.

'Married!' squalled marm.

'Married!' squawked aunt Jane.

'Yes, married?' sez I. 'Married
all over; jined in wedlock; hooked
on for worse or for better, for life
and for death, to Sal; I am that
very thing; me Peter Sporum
Esquire.' With that I up and
telled them all about it, from Al-
pher to Omeger. They were all
mity pleased and mity willin, and I
went to bed as proud as a young
rooster with his first spurs.
O Jehosifut! didn't I feel tre-
mendous good, and kept a gittin'
that way all nite. I didn't sleep a
wink, but kept a rollin about and a
thinkin till my cup ov happiness
was full, pressed down and runnin
over.

Things we are Tired of.

We are tired of hearing the girl-
say they have 'no time' to read
Macaulay or Milton, when they
will set up half the night to find
out whether the hero of a red paper
novel gets knocked on the head, or
escapes from the shipwreck, with
his lady-love and her hand-boxes on
a board four inches square.

We are tired of hearing woman
complain that their husbands don't
care so much for them as they used
to, and setting it down to the score
of heartlessness, when it is nothing
on earth but sour bread and burnt
ham at the breakfast table. Knock
at the door of their affections with
a frying pan, and they'll open it
fast enough.

We are tired listening to the out-
cry of 'hard times' from business
men, who wonder 'where on earth
the money slips to,' when part of it
is leaking out at the top of their
head through a costly Panama hat,
and part shut up in a cigar case in
their coat pockets, part going down
their throats in brandy smash.

We are tired of 'being brought up
short' by a pair of heels planted on
the trails of our silken raiment, and
still more tired of being transfixed
by the scowl of a fashionable lady
when we get swamped among her
bouffants. Wont the fair sex abbre-
viate their dresses?

We are tired of seeing women
box their babies' ears for making
such a racket with their trumpets
and drums, then set the neigh-
borhood's nerves on edge with piano
practice and throat splitting bravuras.

We are tired of the woman who
can't talk of anything but Bob's
measels and the price of silk and
starch—we are tired of men who
chew tobacco in your face; and pull
out their pocket knives to trim
their nails while they are talking
to you—we are tired of the children
who learn French and philosophy
at four years old, and converse in
four syllabled words out of the dic-
tionary, and don't know what but-
ter-cups mean—and we are tired
of the old ladies, who dress in the
style of sweet sixteen!

Girls Don't do it

In 'Advice to Young Women,'
occures the following:

'There is a practice quite preva-
lent among young ladies of the
present day, which we are old-fash-
ioned enough to consider very im-
proper. We allude to giving da-
gerreotypes of themselves to
young men who are merely ac-
quaintances. We consider it in-
dicate in the highest degree. We
are astonished that any young girl
should sell herself so cheap as this.

With an accepted lover it is of
course right. Even in this case it
should be returned if the engage-
ment should by any misunderstanding
cease. If this little paragraph
should meet the eye of any girl a-
bout to give her daguerreotype to
any gentleman acquaintance, let
her know that the remarks made
by young men when together, con-
cerning what is perhaps on her part
but a piece of ignorance or im-
prudence, would, if she heard them,
cause her cheeks to crimson with
anger and shame. 'Were it a sister
of ours,' we have often said with
a flashing eye—'were it a sister of
ours!' But that not let us, we
give this advice to anybody's sister
who need it, most anxiously desir-
ing that she should at all times
preserve her dignity and self-re-
spect.'

A wretched editor, who has
sent any wife to take care of him,
went the other night to a ladies'
fair. He says he saw there "an ar-
ticle" which he said would own,
but it was not for sale. He declares
that since that night he "is raptur-
ously wretched." As the article was
bound in hoops, the reader is left to
infer that it is either a girl or a keg
of whiskey. They are both calcu-
lated to make a wretch "raptur-
ously."

The Disadvantage of Meddling.

What is more intolerable than an
official intermeddler with other
people's affairs? One of the most
busy of the tribe was traveling in
the cars not long ago, and exercis-
ing his talent in a manner at once
amusing and mischievous. 'Hallo!'
cries Mr. Meddler, to a decrepid old
gentleman, just as the train was
leaving a way-station. 'Wake up,
and step lively! This is the place
where you want to get out.' The
old man had barely time to put his
trotting legs on the platform, of
the Depot, when the train was in
motion again. 'Good gracious! ex-
claimed Mr. Meddler, on returning
to his seat which was next the one
the old gentleman had occupied—
Good gracious! the old fellow has
gone and left his carpet bag! So
he very kindly threw it out of the
window.

Half an hour later, a young man
came in from another car and in-
quired for a missing carpet-bag—
It was on this seat, said the stran-
ger, pointing to the spot where the
old gentleman had been sitting—
Good gracious again said Mr. Med-
dler, why, I thought the carpet bag
belonged to the old gentleman who
got out awhile ago, and so I threw
it out of the window after him, 'cause
I 'sposed he'd forgot it!—
The duce you did! said the stran-
ger, with a scowl, and how came
the old man to leave the train?—
Why, said Mr. Meddler, I thought
I heard him say he was going to
Middleport, so when we came to
the depot, I told him we was there,
and he had better get out. That's
how it was.

You had better have minded
your own business, said the young
man rather sharply. That old
gentleman was going to Middle-
bury, to see a dying son, who will
now be dead and buried, probably,
before his father can get there.

That's one of the results of your of-
ficious inter-meddling with things
that don't concern you. And that
carpet-bag is my carpet-bag, and
has got my wedding suit in it. I
was to have been married to-night
if it hadn't been for you. You
have flammaged a funeral and
spoiled a wedding with your dam-
ned nonsense. And so he had, sure
enough.

A Good Sell.

What a blessing to tradesmen is
a good customer. A farmer went
of store in Boston, the other day,
and told the keeper that a neighbor
of his entrusted him with some
money to expend to the best of ad-
vantage, and he meant to do it
where he was best treated. He had
been used very ill by the traders in
Boston, and he would not part with
his neighbor's money until he
found a man who would treat him
about right. With the utmost su-
avity the trader said:

'I think I can treat you to your
liking; how do you want to be
'reated?'

'Well,' said the farmer, with a
leer in his eye, 'in the first place I
want a glass of toddy,' which was
forthcoming.

'Now I will have a nice cigar,
said the farmer.'

It was promptly handed him,
leisurely lighted, and then, throw-
ing himself back in a chair, with
his feet as high as his head, he
commenced puffing away like a
Spaniard.

'Now what do you wish to pur-
chase?' said the store-keeper.

My neighbor handed me five
cents when I left home, to buy him
a plug of tobacco—have you got
the article?'

A CITY WHERE GOD IS NOT.—A
sweet little girl in New Haven,
Conn., only three years old, was
promised, one evening that she
should accompany her parents to
Boston the next morning. She was
much elated at the prospect of the
journey, and when she had finished
repeating her little prayer, as she
laid down to sleep she said, with
the most exquisite simplicity: 'Good-
bye, God, Good bye, Jesus Christ,
I am going to Boston in the morn-
ing.'

Mother, said a little fellow
the other day, is there any harm in
breaking egg shells? Certainly
not my dear; but why do you ask?
Cause I dropped the basket just
now, and see what a mess I'm in
with the yolks! A smart boy that.

A schoolmaster thus de-
scribes a money lender: 'He serves
you in the present tense; he lends
in the conditional mood; keeps you
in the subjunctive; and ruins you in
the future.'

A story is told of Dick, a
darkey in Kentucky, who was a no-
torious thief, so vicious in this re-
spect that all the thefts in the neigh-
borhood were charged to him. On
one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor
of Dick's master, called and said
that Dick must be sold out of that
part of the country, for he had stolen
all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys.—
Dick's master could not think so.
The two, however, went into the
field where Dick was at work, and
accused him of the theft.

'You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys,'
said the master.

'No I didn't, Massa,' responded
Dick.

The master persisted.
'Well, at length said Dick, I
will tell you massa: I did not steal
dem turkeys, but last night, when
I went across Mr. Jones' pasture I
saw one of our rails on de fence, so
I brought home de rail, and con-
founded it, when I come to look,
dare was nine turkeys on de rail!'

An exchange tell the fol-
lowing in sober earnest: